Eheliche Gutenacht.

Andante Moderato.

6

Gute Nacht! gute Nacht! un-ser Taglauf ist voll=

dolce

bracht. Goldne Sternlein äugeln Wieder, von des Himmels Zinne

nieder, und des Mondes Scheibe lacht. Gute Nacht! gute Nacht

p:

ten cres ten ten f p.

rinf pp

2

|: Zum Klavier :|

Herzen Weibchen, eilen Wir,
Um ins Goldgeweb zuspielen
Was wir für einander fühlen
Ich mit dir und du mit mir.
|: Am Klavier :|

3

|: Gottes Ruh :|

Säuselt us vom Himmel zu,
Bringt uns der Empfindung Fülle
Zärtlichkeit und Herzensstille.
Ach ich fühle Sie wie du,
|: Gottes Ruh! :|

4

|: O gewiss :|

Welt, du bist ein Paradies!
Wen Wir Schon im Erdenleben
Liebe nehmen, Liebe geben
Welt, dann bist du uns gewiss
|: Paradies! :|

5.

|: Schimmerd Fällt :|

Thränenzoll dem Herrn der Welt.
Ach, dem Stifter unsrer Ehe.
Kommt der Dank zur fernsten Höhe!
Sieh die Thräne Herr der Welt!
|: Wie Sie fällt :|

6.

|: Gute Nacht :|

Sieh den Mond in Stiller Pracht
Uns mit goldnen Strahlen Winken
Um in deinen Arm zu Sinken,
Weib zur Wonne mir gemacht!
|: Gute Nacht :|

Langsam und ausdrucksvoll.

Vergiss mein

nicht, Wenn dir die Freu=de Win=ket, und einst der Gram mein

lie_bend Herz ver=zehrt, Vergiss mein nicht, Wenn dein Vergnügen

Sin=ket, und manchmal das Ge=schick den Freudentraum zer=

Stört; und Wen der Freu=de Schwarm sich Schmeichelnd um dich

Schmieget, Vielleicht der Neu=heit Reiz ge=prüf=te Treu be=

Sie=get So hör! Wenn Still und ernst mein Auge zu dir

Spricht: Vergiss mein nicht! Vergiss mein nicht

2

Vergis mein nicht, da jetzt des Schicksals Strege
Dich von mir ruft, uns von einander trennt;
Da Mondesfrist, ja ganze Jahres Länge,
Mein Blick dich nicht mehr sieht, umsonst
mein Mund dich nennt.
Weih mir auch jetzt entfernt zu Weilen
Süsse Stunden.
Die Liebe ist ja nicht an zeit und Ort gebunden.
Und denk, dass, wo ich bin, mein Herz zu
deinem Spricht:
|: Ver giss mein nicht :|

Vergiss mein nicht, Wenn lockre Kühle Erde
Dies Herz einst deckt, das zärtlich für dich Schlug;
Denk, dass es dort vollkommner lieben Werde,
Als da voll Schwachheit ichs, vielleicht voll Fehler trug
Dann Soll mein freier Geist oft Segnend dich
umschweben;
Und deinen Geiste Trost und Süsse Ahndung geben;
Denck, dass ichs Sey, Wenns Sanft in deiner
Seele Spricht:

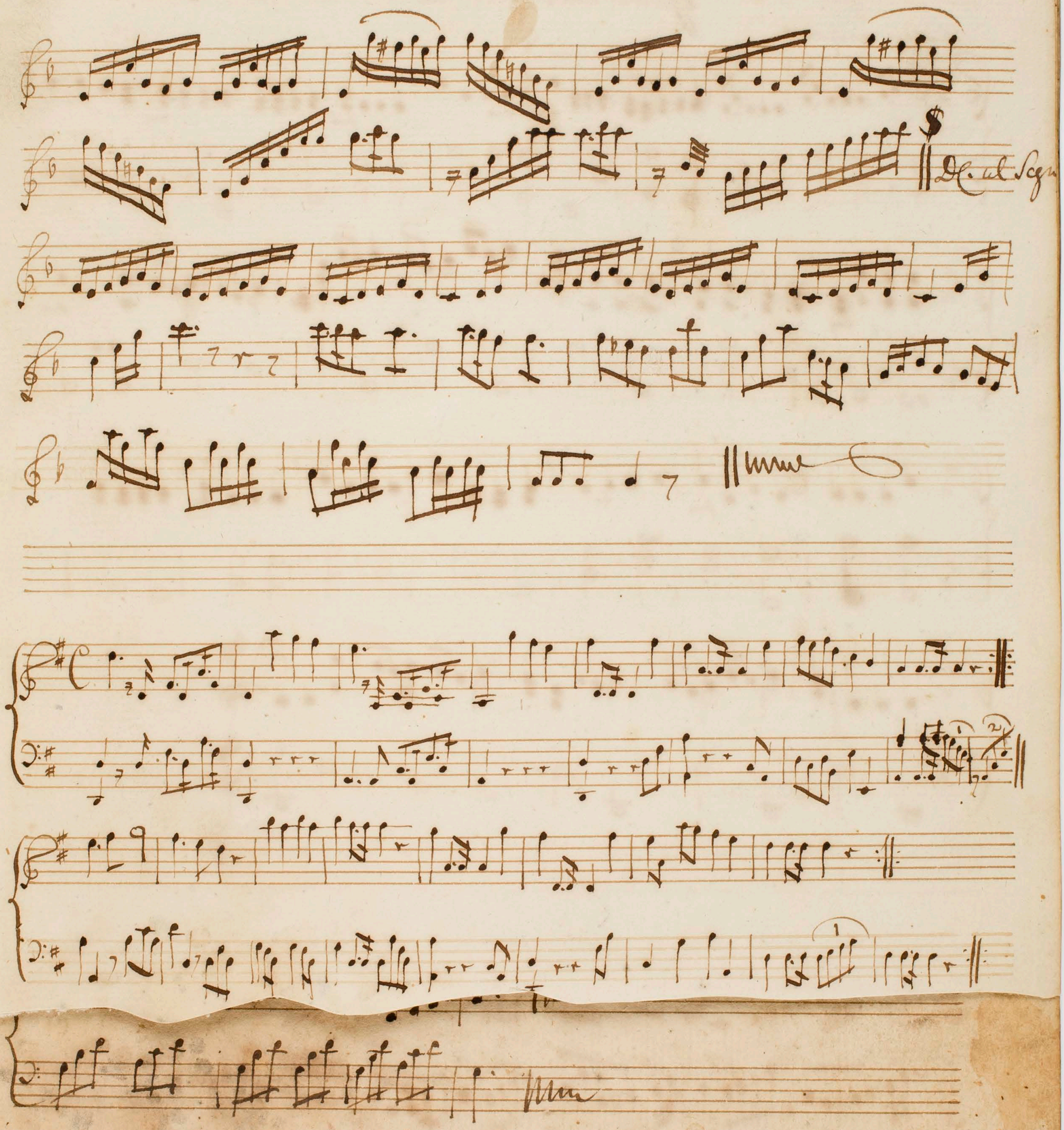
|: Vergiss mein nicht :|

Rondo.

D Cal Segno

D Cal Segno.

D. al Segno.


Dc. al Segn

Hans war der alten Hansen Sohn.

Mäßig geschwind.

Maria Stan.

Stay Sweet En Chanter of the Grove nor leave so soon thy native Tree Oh!

warble Still thy Notes of Love while my fond Heart so proud to thee Oh warble Still those

Notes of Love while my fond Heart responds to thee.

Fisher's Rondeau

so

for

pia

for

pia

for

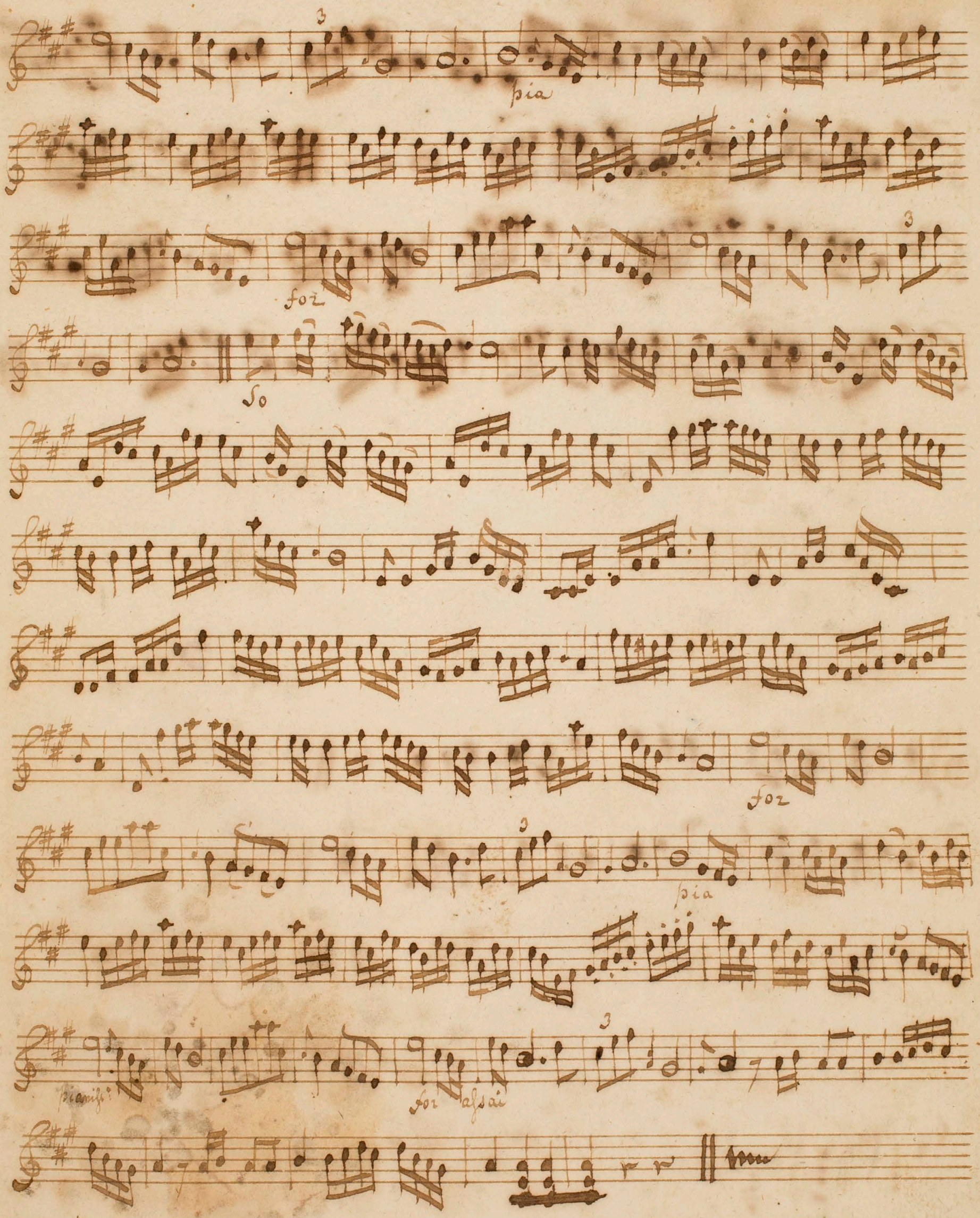
pia

for

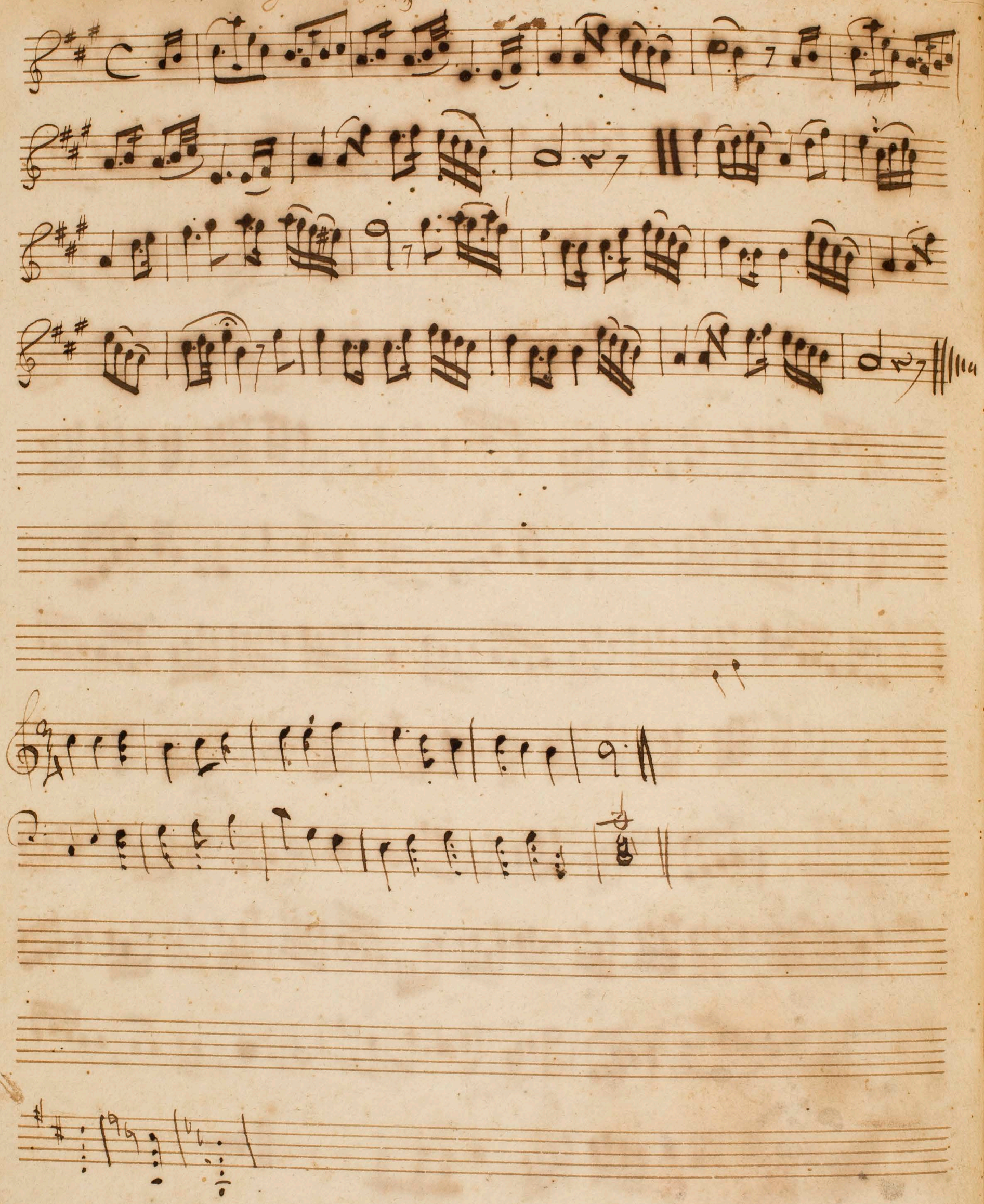
so

pia

for

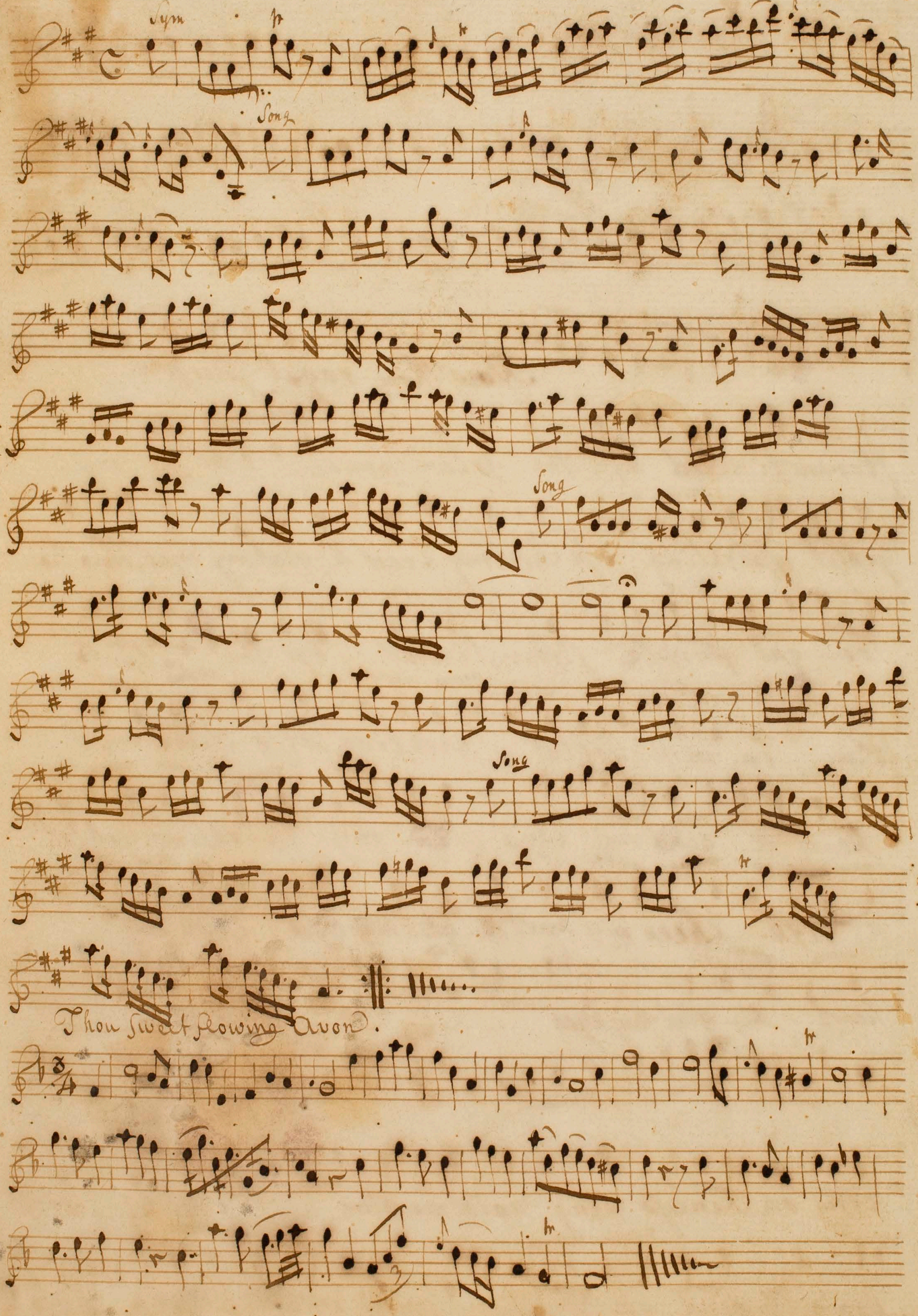

pia
for
So
for
pia
pianiss.
for assai

Wedding Day



The Traveller benighted

1788



The Favorit Song out of the Castle of Andalusia

Bold but not too fast

Flow thou regal purple stream tinctured by the solar beam In my Goblet sparkling rise cheer my heart & glad my eyes Flow thou re-gal purple stream, tinctured by the solar beam in my Goblet sparkling rise cheer my heart & glad my eyes in my sparkling Goblet rise cheer my hart & glad my eyes Cher my heart & glad my eyes

My brain as-cend on Fancys wing 'noint me Wine a jovial king my brain as-cend on Fancys wing 'noint me Wine a jo-vial

King my brain a-scend on Fancy's wing 'noint me Wine a jovial

King 'noint me Wine a jo-viat King a jo-

vial King a

jovial King a jovial King. While I live I'll save my

clay When I'm dead & gone a-way Let my

thirsty Subjects say a Month he reign'd but that was

May While I live I'll save my clay when I'm

dead & gone a-way Let my thirsty Subjects

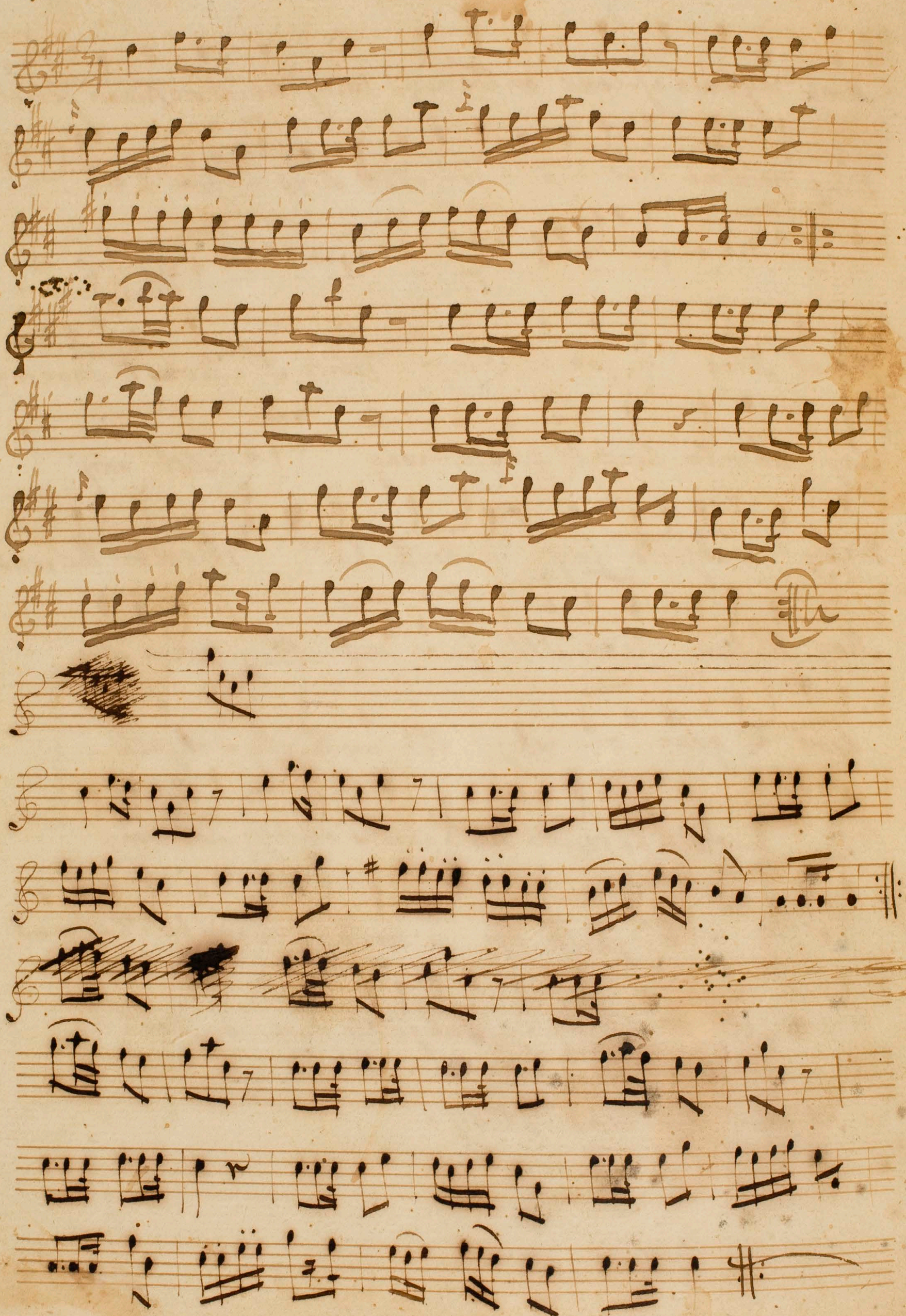
say a month he reign'd but that was may. Let my

thirsty Sub-jects say a month he reign'd but that was

may Let my thirsty Subjects say a Month he

reign'd but that was May.

The Presidents March



14 10

Two.

Rondes

Violino Principale

Violino Primo & Secondo.

Horns and Bass.

Rondo.

Violino Principale

Solo

tutti

Solo

3

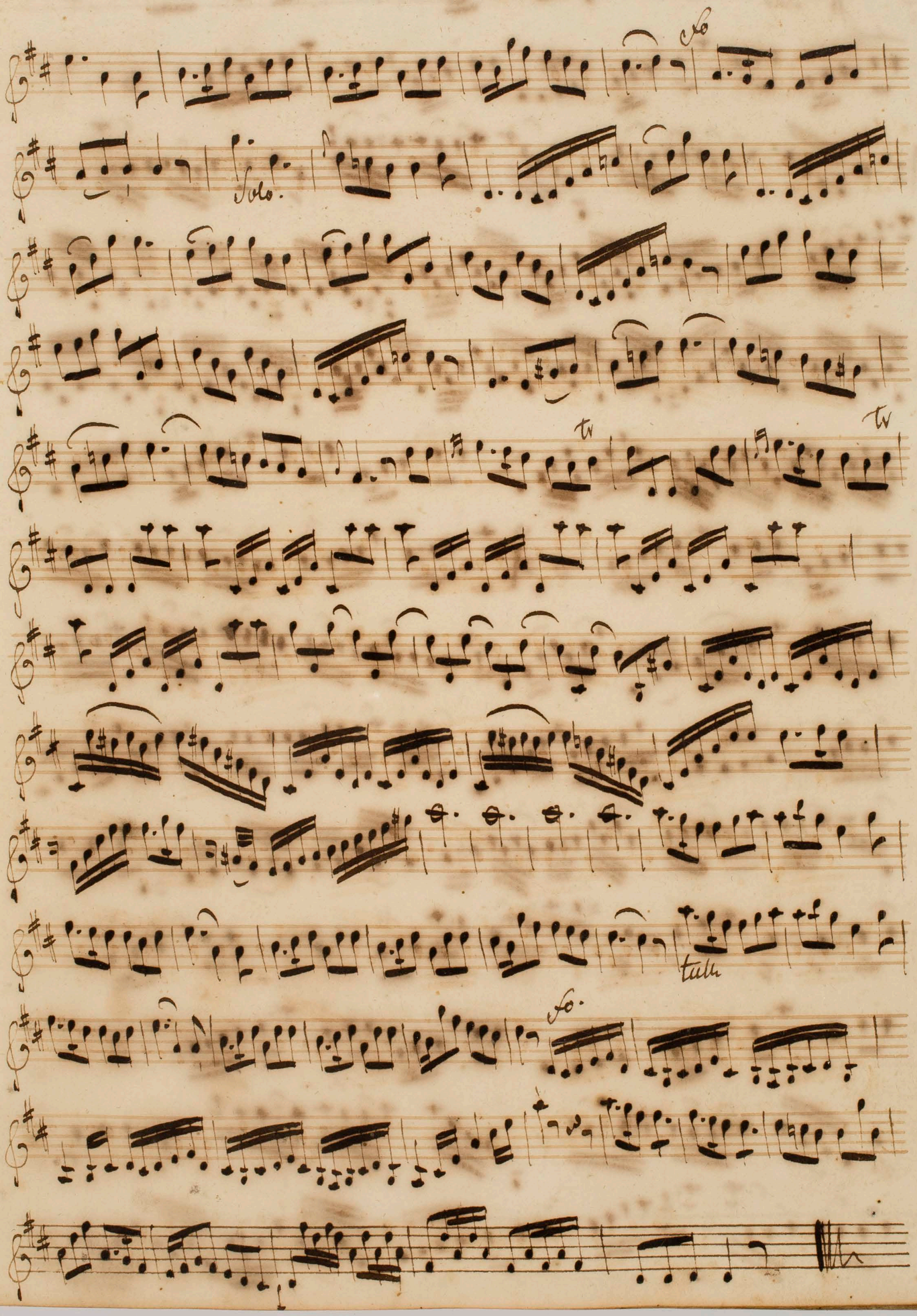
p.

tutti

Volti Subito.

Solo

Tutti


fo
Solo.
tr
tr
tutti
fo.

Rondo. [illegible]

Solo

tutti

Solo

Tutti

Solo

tr

Solo

tutti

Solo

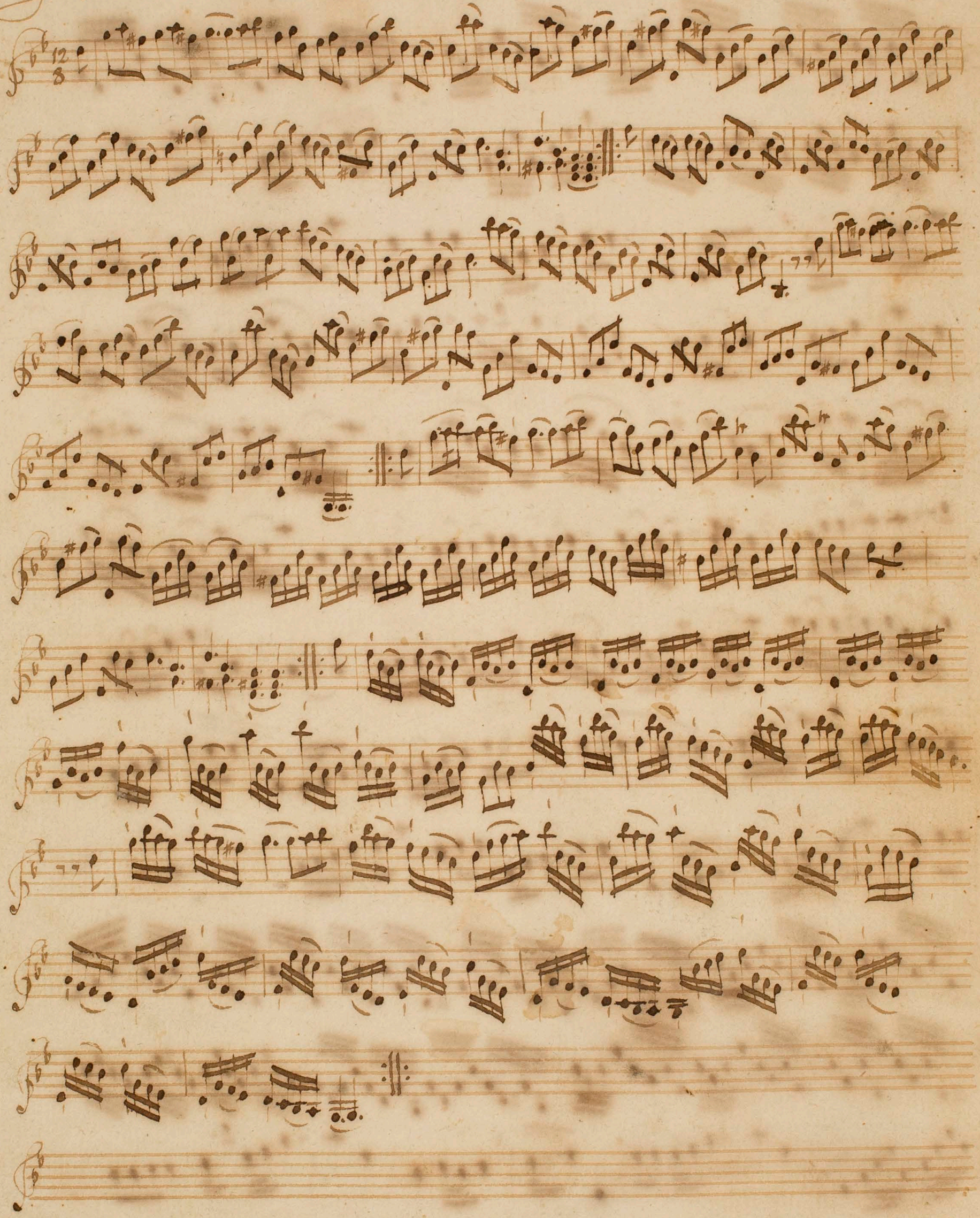
tutti

Solo

tutti

Gigue

Par Corelli



La Belle Catharine

We'll seek the Bower of Robin Hood

Where sucks the Bee. there sucks I

Dermot

Serenade con Sordini

Sleep on Sleep on my Kathleen dear may Peace possess thy Breast

Yet dost thou dream thy Dermots here de-prived of Peace and Rest

The Birds sing sweet the mor-ning breaks those Joys are none are none to me

First

Though Sleep is fled poor Dermot wakes to none but Love & thee.

2

Mays Dream

My dear Jockey

Andante.

Jockey to the Fair

Brisk

The Highland Laddie.

The Spring with smiling Face is seen.

Poor Soldier. 1789

The Spring with smiling Face is seen
To usher in the May;
And Nature clad in mantle green
All sprigg'd with Flowrets gay
The feathered Songsters of the Grove
Then join in Harmony & Love. (bis)

The Songsters of the Grove
then join

The Lark that soaring cleaves the Sky
Low builds her humble Nest
The rambling Boy that finds the Prize
Is sure supremely blest:
For when the tuneful Bird is flown
He hastes to mark it for his own (bis)

The Lass of Paties Mill

Moderato.

Lochaber no more.

The Highland March

The Highland Queen.

Moderato.

My Dearie if thou die.

The Yellow haird Laddie.

Slow.

First Time

second Time

The Birks of Inwermay

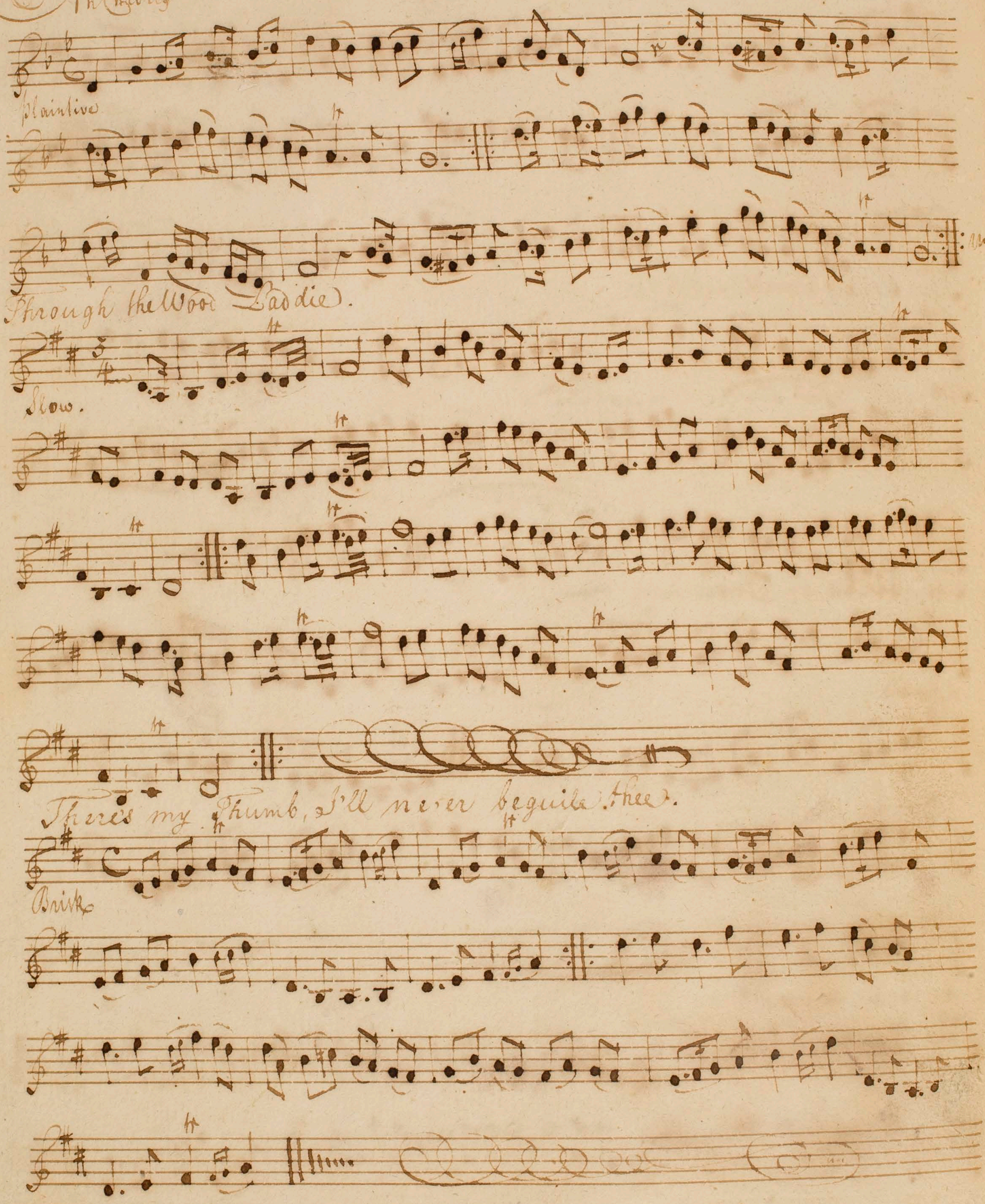
First Time

2 Time

Moderato

Lochaber no more ex Fona d#

Ah Chloris to the Tune of Gilderoy



The last Time I came o'er the Moor

Slow

I wish my Love were in a Mire

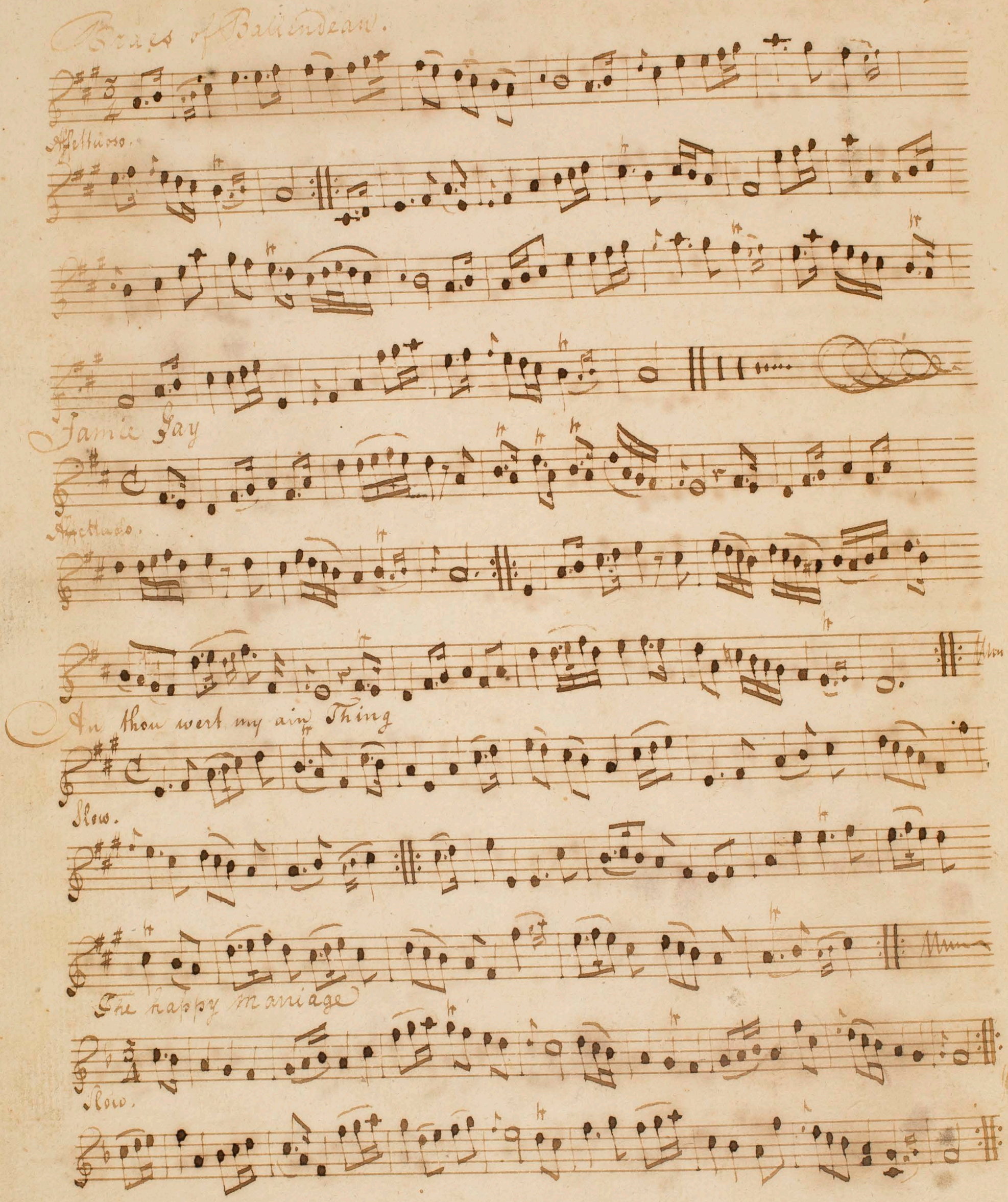
Moderato.

Katharine Ogie

Plaintive

Twad Side

Slow.


Braes of Ballendean.

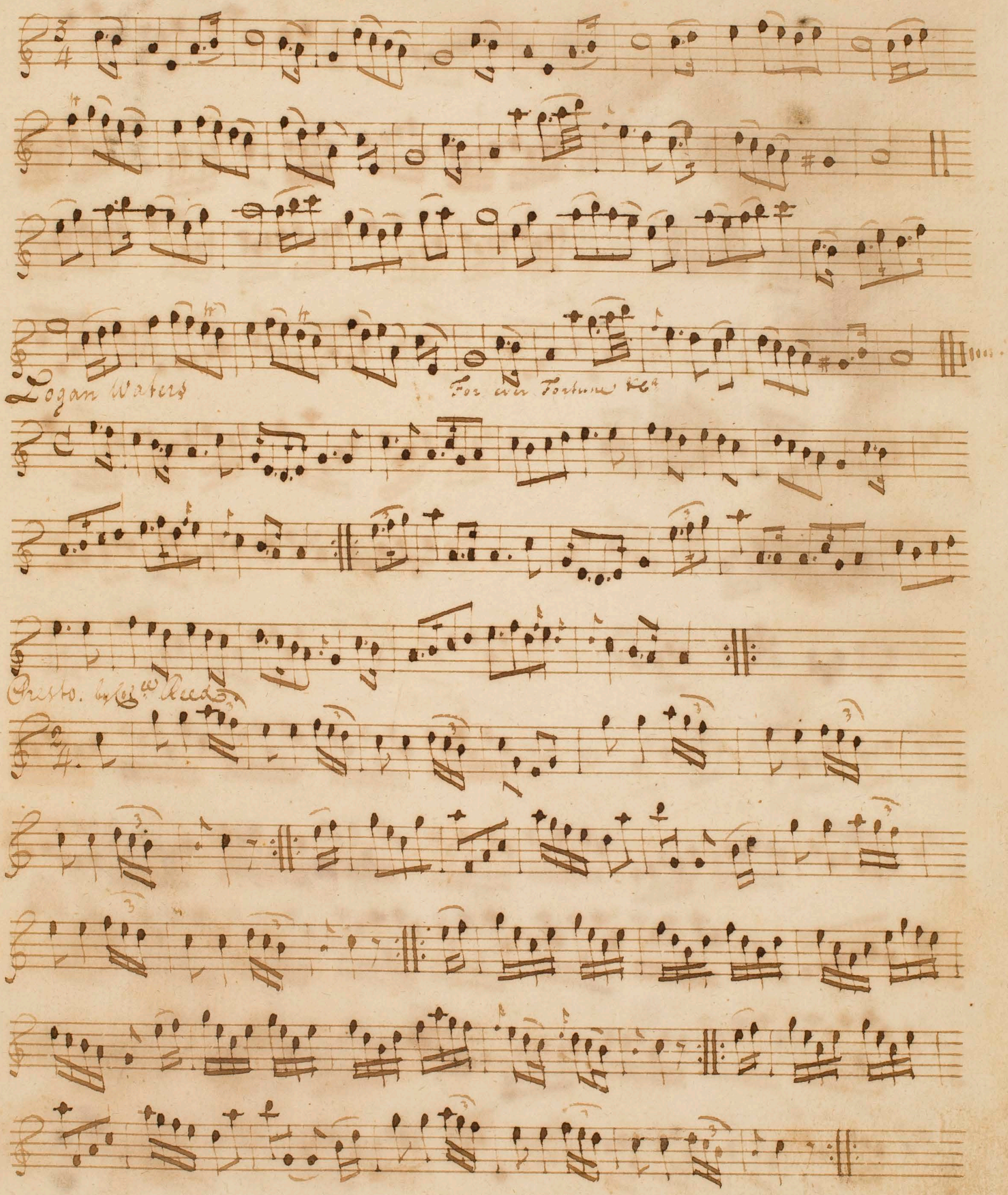
Jamie Gay

An thou wert my ain Thing

The happy Marriage

Alloa-House.

1798


Logan Waters
For ever Fortune &c.
Presto. by Col.ᵒ Reed

Pellons Gavot.

Con Var:

Var. 1

Var. 2

Var. 3

Var. 4

Var. 5

Var. 6.

Down the Burn Davie

The bonny Broom

Over the Water to Charlie

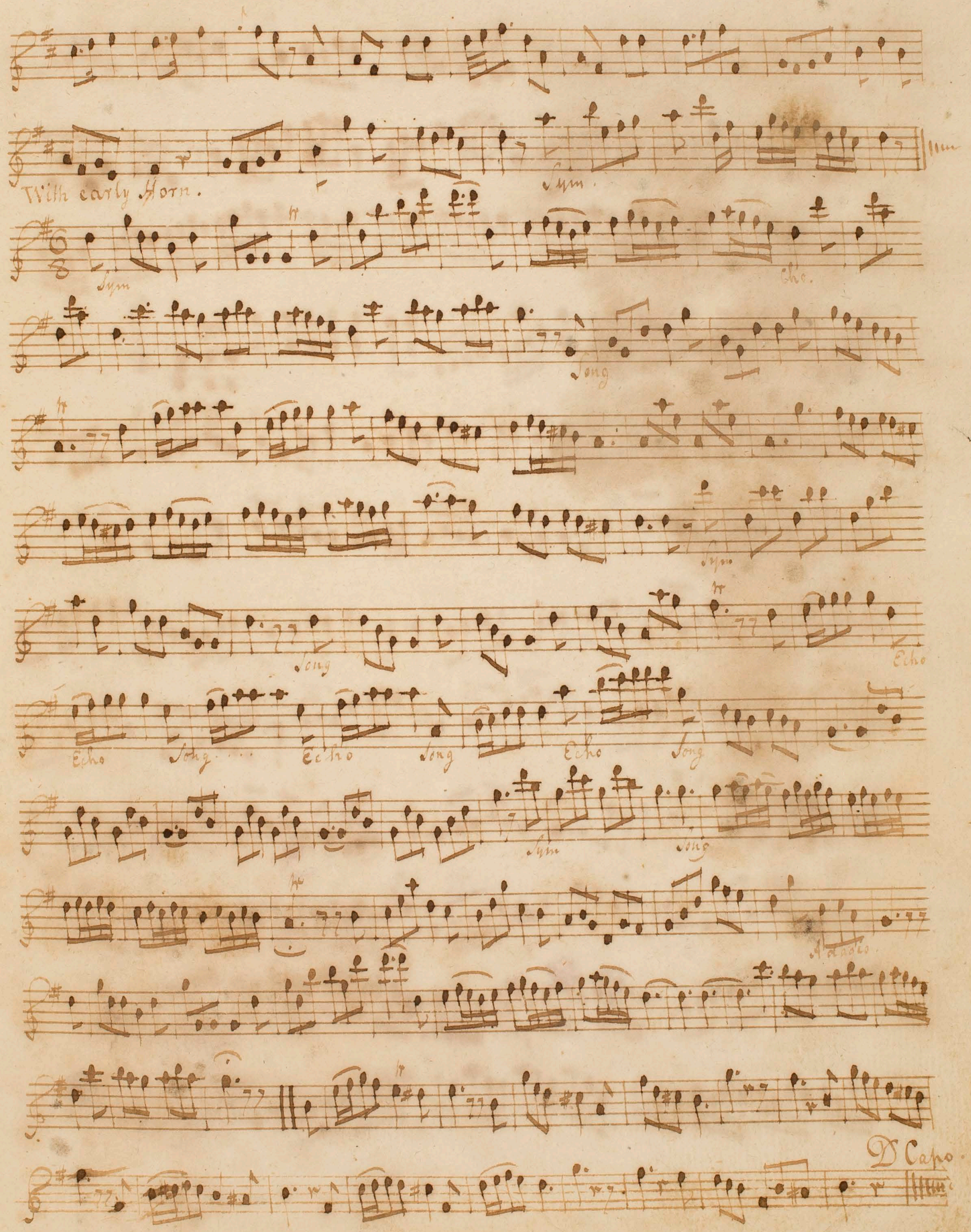
Thro' the Wood Laddie

Sym.

Song

Sym.

Song

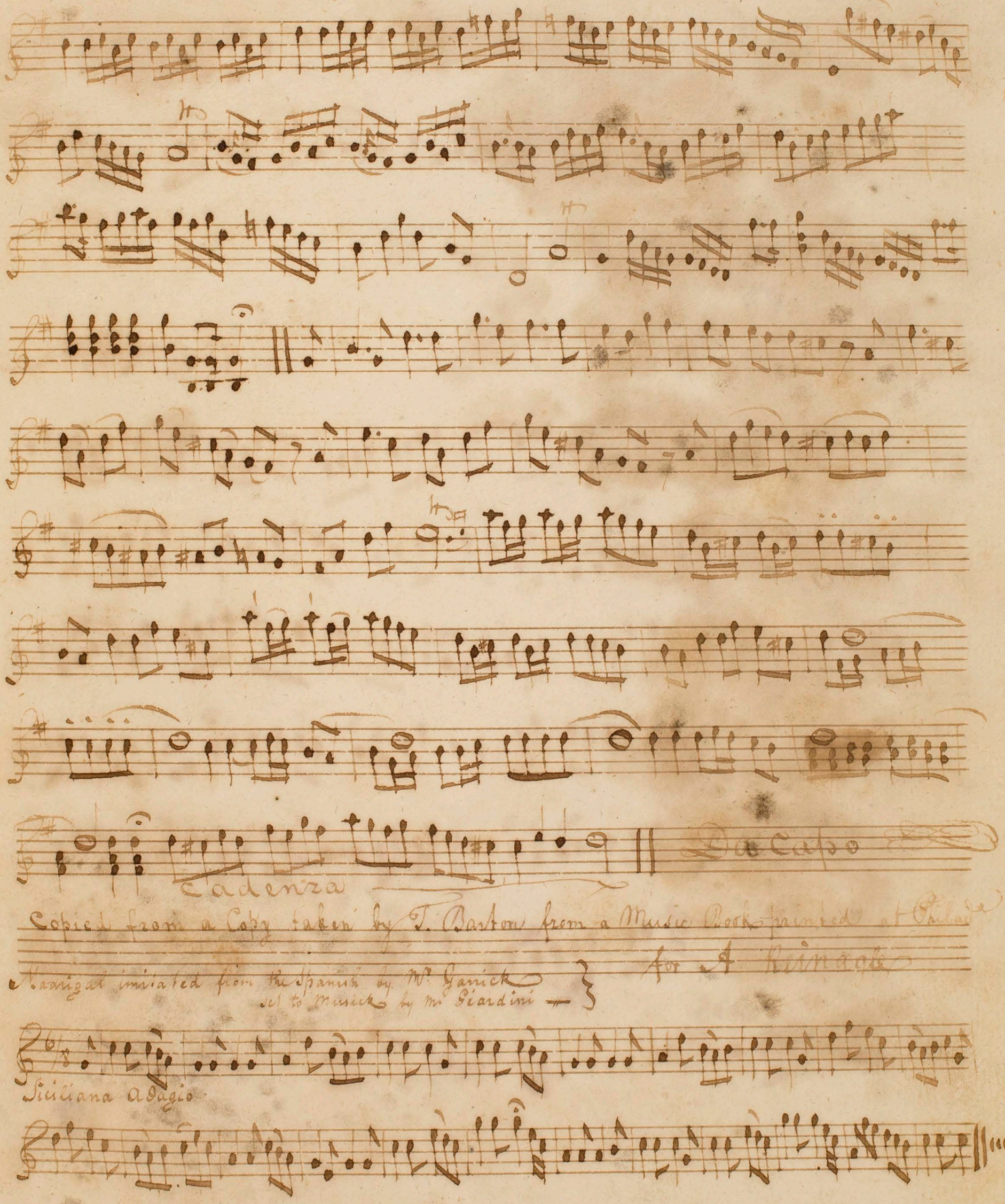

With early Horn.
Sym.
Sym
Cho.
Song
Sym
Song
Echo
Echo
Song
Echo
Song
Echo
Song
Sym
Song
Adagio
D Capo

'Tis not the Bloom on Damons Cheek

A favourite Rondo compos'd by I. Hook.

Allegretto.

S


Cadenza
Da Capo
Copied from a Copy taken by T. Barton from a Music Book printed at Philada
for A Reinagle
Madrigal imitated from the Spanish by Mr Garrick
set to Musick by Mr Giardini
Siciliana Adagio

by Mr Barrington of Bath

How sweet thro' the Woodlands

Moderate

Adag:

The Maid to my Mind

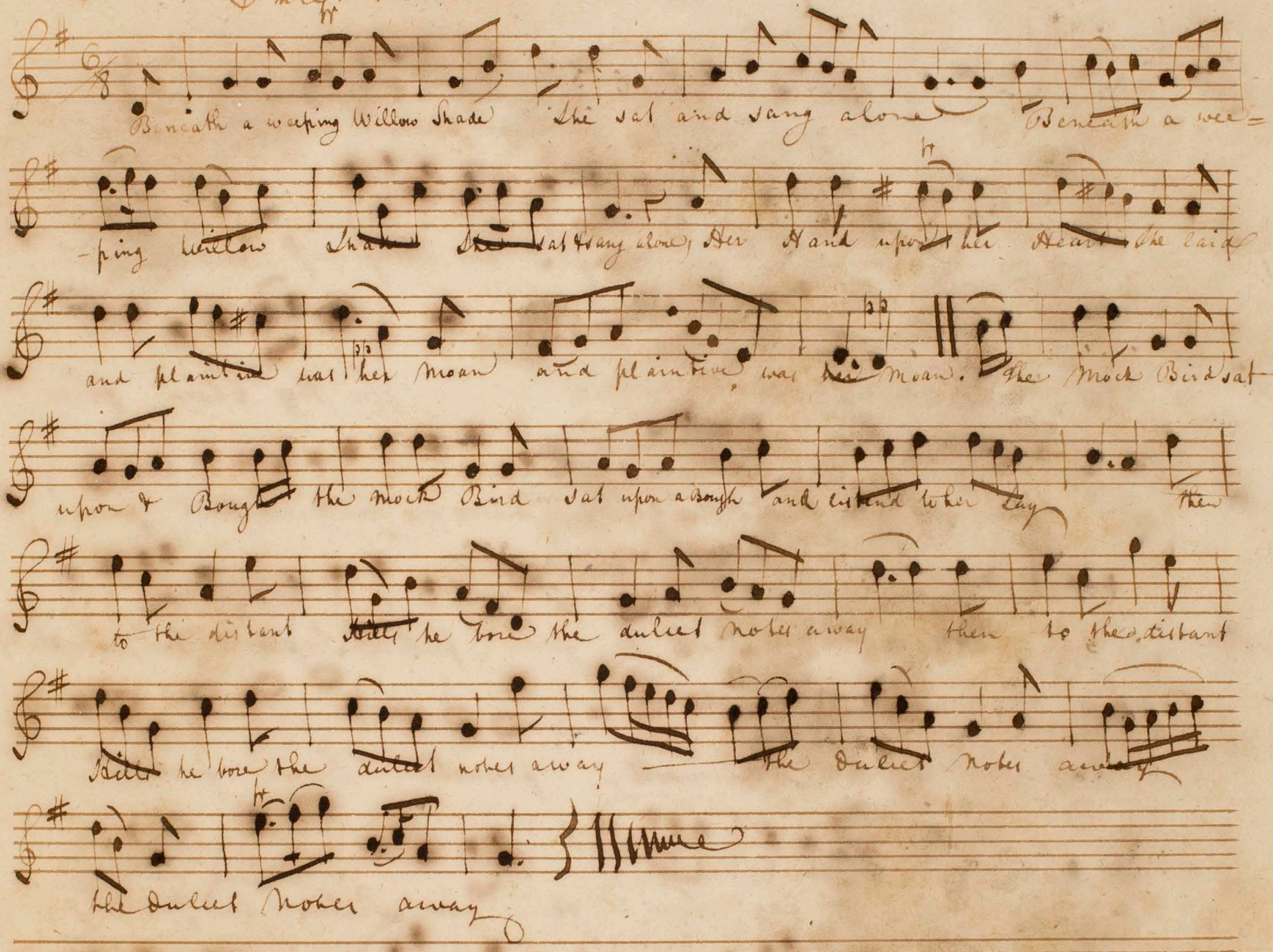
set by Mr. Hook

Moderate

:S:

:S:

2. V. Fond Echo to her Strains reply'd
The Winds her Sorrows bore
Adieu dear Youth Adieu she cry'd
I nee'r shall see the more — The Mock Bird sat &c.


Beneath a weeping Willow Shade She sat and sang alone Beneath a wee=
-ping Willow Shade She sat & sang alone, Her Hand upon her Heart She laid
and plaintive was her Moan and plaintive was her Moan. The Mock Bird sat
upon & Bough the Mock Bird sat upon a Bough and listend to her Lay then
to the distant Hills he bore the dulcet notes away then to the distant
Hills he bore the dulcet notes away — the Dulcet Notes away
the Dulcet Notes away

Damon & Clora. a Duet.

Primo

1794

Clora

Go, false Damon, go, Your sueing is in vain, Your

sueing is in vain. I am betray'd, I am betray'd must leave You;

No, no, no, Your sueing is in vain. See thy Clora flies

If I stay You will deceive me. If I stay You will deceive me You'll inconstant prove.

No, I'll hear no more; No, I will be gone faithless Shepherd, faithless Shepherd

adagio

I must go Farewell, farewell, Damon farewell.

Let tears fast flow- ing love — re— new; Return and prove thy

Clo— ra true: Hear me, ah! hear me thy Clo- ra cries, return or

else thy Clo— ra dies! Let tears fast flow— ing Love re-

new, return and prove thy Clo— ra true.

Secondo.

Damon

Turn fair Clora Turn fair Clora, Ah cruel turn again, Ah cruel

turn again ungrateful Maid, ungrateful Maid, dont leave me, Turn turn Clora

Turn, ah cruel turn again. See thy Damon dies! If you go now can relieve me

if you go now can relieve me, yield to Damons Love. Clora I adore thee I love a=

lone, cruel Beauty cruel Beauty turn non leave me so

adagio

Farewell Farewell Clora farewell Far=

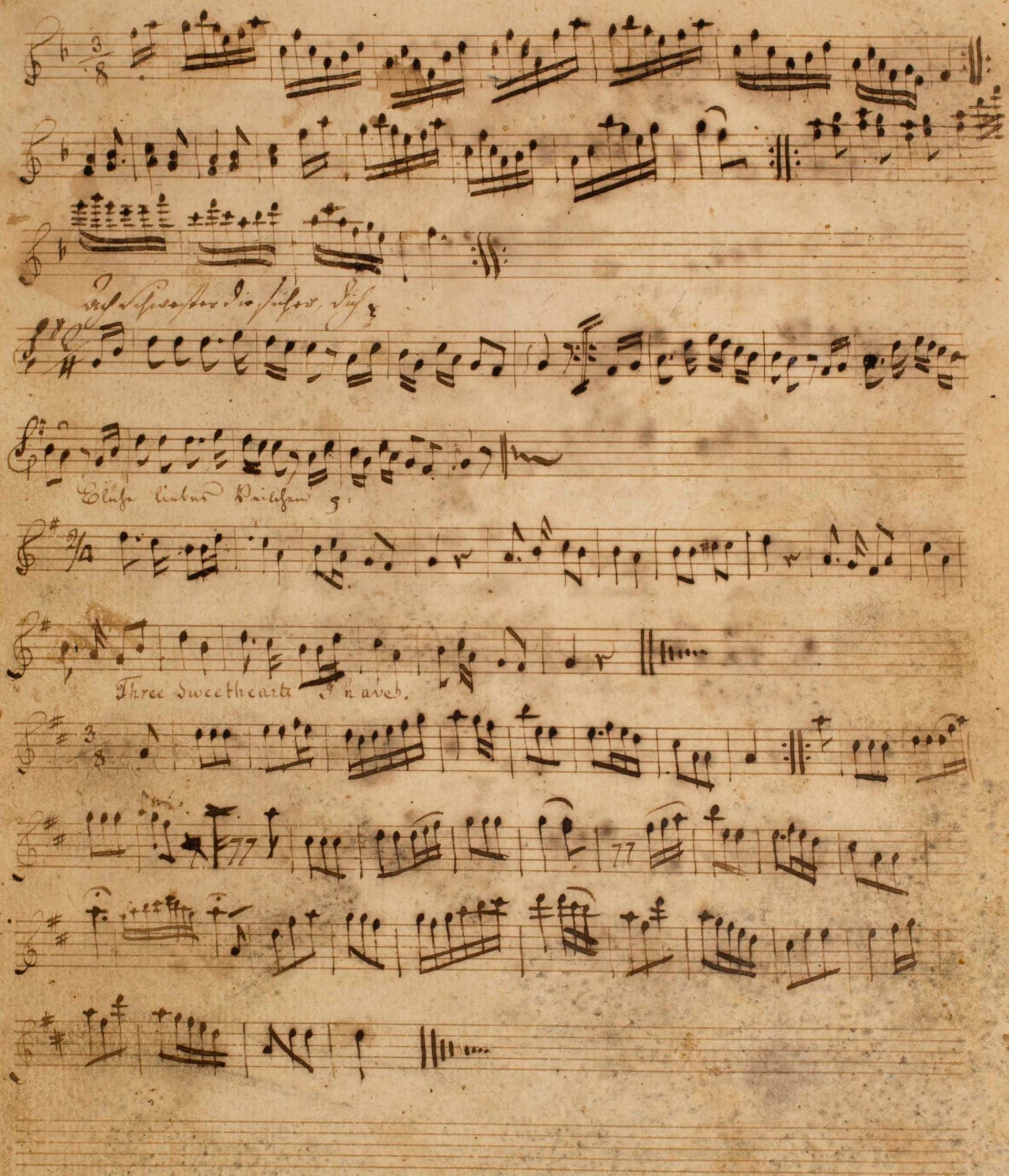
bear fond Nymph to complain Thy Tears are all in vain

no no no no no no no mo more I'll count your whining

Sex no more your Art shall perplex no more no

more shall perplex

Schleiffer



IRVING LOWENS